

the LINK

September 1970

MAN ON THE CLIMB

APOCRYPHA: WHAT'S THAT?

LIVING LETTERS







THE

LINK



A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL

VOL. 28

SEPTEMBER 1970

NO. 9

STORIES

THE VISIT	Dan Ross	20
WIN OR LOSE.....	James Cloer	38

ARTICLES

MAN ON THE CLIMB	Herbert Raditschnig and Dale Whitney	5
APOCRYPHA: WHAT'S THAT?	Melvin G. Williams	16
09B + 70A10 + 71M20 = CA.....	George Reswik	25
PLAY IT AGAIN, BACH!	Haydn Gilmore	29
LOVE'S BEHAVIOR	Kyle M. Yates	32
LIVING LETTERS.....	G. Curtis Jones	44
A WORD, A SOUND, AND A MOOD.....	James E. Townsend	48
KING OF YOURSELF.....	Raymond M. Veh	52
SO YOUR HUSBAND'S IN THE SERVICE!.....	Theodore Springer	56

OTHER FEATURES

DAILY BIBLE READINGS	19	
FIGHTING SPIRIT.....	Mario De Marco	37
LIFT UP YOUR HEART	58	
THE SOUND OF GLAD TIDINGS	59	
NEWS IN PICTURES	60	
THE LINK CALENDAR.....	62	
DISCUSSION HELPS.....	63	
BOOKS ARE FRIENDLY THINGS.....	64	
AT EASE!.....	66	

COVERS

Front: "Human history becomes more and more a race between education and catastrophe"—H. G. Wells. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Back: "Music is Love in search of a word"—Sidney Lanier. Photo by Phil Roddey.

Inside Front: "Almighty God, we make our earnest prayer"—Lincoln. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Inside Back: Around the world they are stretching forth their hands for help; and they'll find it in the Bible. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

ART WORK: Illustrations by James Talone.

Copyright © 1970 by The General Commission on Chaplains and Armed Forces Personnel.

SOUND OFF

The Gear on the Inside Back Cover (June LINK)

Your idea was good but the execution poor. Inside back cover of the June 1970 issue you represent the 3 bulwarks of democracy as home, church, and school, and they are locked tight. That gear chain ain't never gonna work without something getting stripped. Your magazine is great.

—Bob Lantz, 5272-B Broadway, APO Seattle 98737.

I thoroughly enjoyed the June 1970 issue of THE LINK, as usual. Particularly fascinating was the H. Armstrong Roberts photo on the inside back cover showing five interlocking gears illustrating the home, the school and the church as three bulwarks of democracy. There must be a message here: The gears just won't work as photographed. Let's add another with a photo of a person voting: then the gears will work, and so will democracy!

—CDR Jim Seim, CHC, USN, Bureau of Naval Personnel, Washington, D. C. 20370.

(Thank you, chaplains, for catching this error. I'm passing the word on to H. Armstrong Roberts. I am sometimes amazed at how closely THE LINK is read. We have alert readers!—L.P.F.)

(Continued on page 65)

STAFF

Executive Editor A. RAY APPELQUIST
Editor LAWRENCE P. FITZGERALD
Assistant Editor.....IRENE MURRAY
Circulation Manager.....ISABEL R. SENAR

Individual subscriptions: \$3.00 a year. To Churches: \$2.50 in lots of ten or more to one address.

For chaplains: Bulk orders to bases for distribution to personnel (in person, by mail, in back of chapel, etc.) invoiced quarterly at fifteen cents per copy.

Published monthly by The General Commission on Chaplains and Armed Forces Personnel at 122 Maryland Avenue, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

Second-class postage paid at Washington, D.C. and at additional mailing offices.

Send notification of Change of Address and all other correspondence to Lawrence P. Fitzgerald, Editor, 122 Maryland Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

All scripture quotations, unless otherwise designated, are from the Revised Standard Version of the Bible.

Man on the Climb

By Herbert Raditschnig
as told to Dale Whitney

AS A mountain climber, I began my career when very young. I am not sure if every mountain climber is a skier, but this is important training. I was nine when I could ski down a mountain with tremendous speed.

Skiing is adventurous. Perhaps even more so to a boy of nine because of the motion—a speed that you can control by experience!

But as I skied, I never understood why some men, or women, climbed the mountain *on foot*! They often struggled in deep, deep snow, while we skiers by-passed them with the speed of a bird!

So, as I have said, even as a young boy the idea of climbing over rocks and hiking in woods did not



Herbert Raditschnig, shown here started out as a mountain climber when a child; became a member of the Austrian Alpine Club; became the official mountain guide for the Austrian Army; has climbed some of the highest and most difficult mountains including the French A Grand Zinne Northwall, the Matterhorn, the Himalayas. In 1961 in Argentina he struck his head on a old nail or screw resulting in serious brain damage; spent six months recovering and gave up mountain climbing as a career to become a professional cameraman. He began as a free-lancer in 1964 and has produced films, main documentaries, about Venezuela, India, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, etc.

appeal to me. But, one day when I was sixteen my friends and I wanted to go swimming. It was early spring and too cold so, for the want of something better to do, we began walking up a mountain. We reached the top and I, quite by chance, met there my first "sweetheart."

That was great fun and later on,

Extreme difficult climbing. On the south wall of the Schuesselkarspitze in Austria. Note the use of two ropes and two rope-ladders. Without these man-made climbing tools, it is impossible to climb/ascend such an overhanging wall. The climber is wearing a plastic helmet for protection.



Herbert Raditschnig

during summer holidays, we and other friends often climbed that mountain together.

This was the start of my career in mountain-climbing. After a time, however, I was not satisfied by only walking. It was too easy, and so I began to scale a few simple rocky hills.

It was during one of these first venturesome climbs that I met a member of the Austrian Alpine Club. He encouraged me to become a member and, from then on, my every free moment was spent high up in the mountains.

In the beginning, I just walked with other club members. This was



near to my home in Carinthia, southern Austria. The geography of these mountains fascinated me, and I was impressed by the vastness, and by the gigantic structures and formations.

But then, in due time, I became curiously aware of nature! As you climb rocks you learn about their history. You learn how different weather affects nature at a specific time. You learn how to read the on-coming weather changes by various cloud-gatherings. And, you learn how to protect yourself from all kinds of weather.

High up in the mountains, a strong sun can be more disastrous than—say a storm. The weather changes so rapidly, and you must develop an instinct to *know* when the change is coming in order to protect yourself!

If you have been born in a city you don't learn this, because when there is a storm you have protection indoors. Up on the mountain there is no man-made shelter, (with exception of a very few huts) and so it is important to learn *how* to protect yourself!

Mountain climbing is a tremendous challenge!

As a beginner, you are never certain about finding the safest route to climb. Nor do you know how long it can take you to reach the top.

But from week to week you gain experience. In due time you learn by instinct where the route goes. You also learn about rocks—which rock to select because it is hard and strong and will not break, op-



A bivouac location on a mountain ridge. The party had climbed the very difficult south wall of the Austrian mountain range called Schuesselkarspitze. They arrived at this location in the early evening and camped here for the night. Of course, the bivouac had been planned ahead. They had to have warm clothes, warm sleeping bags, a gas-stove and enough food.

posed to a rock that is weak or loose and could mean your life!

Every so often stones are falling down from mountain walls. As you gain experience, you learn to select a climbing route to avoid (by-pass) weak areas that can be dangerous!

This, then, is what mountain



The Army man on top handles the rope and the rope-braking. Most of the time the man on top cannot see the action below; he must therefore have an instinct when to lower more rope. He must lower it very slowly and work with extreme caution.

climbers call "experience." As you gain it, your acrobatic or physical ability becomes trained. You learn how far your own body can go, as body-endurance is of utmost importance!

How did I learn technique?

From an excellent book on mountain climbing I learned how to make knots that are so necessary, and the use of ropes—what length to use according to the stage or difficulty of the climb.

In the learning stages you use a rope of 100 feet. As you graduate to the more difficult climbs you not only lengthen the rope, you use a

double rope. These techniques *you must learn*. (If you are in the army, you may have the wonderful opportunity to learn with an army mountain climbing school.)

There are alpine clubs in most countries ready to teach you. And, there are books in many languages devoted to this subject. From such a book you can learn the basic techniques, and about equipment. So, before you "*hit the trail*" (as the cowboys say)—*study*. Learn technique. It may save your life!

How does mountain climbing work technically?

To begin, you always climb to-

gether with a partner. Depending on experience, one of you takes the lead. Should both of you be equally experienced, then first one climber takes the lead to the whole length of the rope. Then the second climber follows and when he has reached you, he takes over the next lead upwards. In other words, you alter-

This rescue system is used on very high walls where the rock overhangs and regular rope (120 ft.) is not long enough. A special steel rope (diameter-1/5th an inch) is 300 ft. long and holds 5,000 pounds. For longer lengths 2 or 3 of these ropes may be put together. An injured party may be reached almost anywhere.



nate with your partner at different stages of the climb.

As I have said, when ascending, the better climber leads the way. But it is to the contrary on the way downward. Now the leader goes *last* to secure his partner in case he falls or slips.

The technique of climbing upwards works like this.

As I said, a party of two are fixed to either end of the rope. You place the rope around your breast, very definitely high enough to balance your weight in case of a fall. You knot the rope, using a Bulin knot. Then with the shorter end of the rope you place it over one shoulder. Next, crisscross the breast-rope on your back and continue forward over the opposite shoulder. The last step is to knot it securely to the breast-rope in front.

Why is this important? Because after a few hours of climbing, the breast rope could slip downward unless you have secured your rope by the method I described. In an accident you would fall dangerously head-forward. Whereas if roped correctly, you would simply hang from the rope until you recover your footing.

To the other end of the rope your partner proceeds exactly as you. Now, let us say that I will go take the lead. (I was a mountain instructor seven years for the Austrian Army—leading soldiers over the mountains and glaciers of Austria.)

I begin the ascent continuing upwards until I have used up almost all of the rope. Before the last quar-



Closeup of the rope-brake as described on page 8. Two snap-rings are used to lead the rope around the solid part of the snap-ring so that the man on top can control the lowering easily, slowly, and safely. If there were no rope-brakes, just think of what would happen to the injured man or rescuer below.

ter of the rope is used, my partner calls up at about 100 feet and says "15 feet left...12 feet...9 feet..." etc. He is informing me how little free rope is left.

Now I look for a place in the wall to secure myself, where I can hammer in an iron piton.

You do not hammer a piton directly into a rock-wall. You drive it into a crack or crevice, where the iron piton gets a stronghold.

How do you know it is secured? By the *sound* of the hammering. If the sound is hollow—like a thud, thud, thud,—you know that the rock is loose and would not support your weight. But if the sound is "high-pitched" you can be sure the piton is secured!

Next to this piton I hang what is called in German a *Karabiner*,—a very strong snap-ring designed for mountain climbing. To this ring I fix my rope so that if there is an accident I am secured to the piton.

Now I stand upright and pull in the rest of the rope until I feel a tension. Then I place the rope around my shoulders diagonally in a way so that should my partner fall during his ascent, I am pulled backwards into the rock-wall, or toward the piton.

I cannot stress the importance of this technique of rope fixings. Should your partner slip and fall, you are not only pulled toward the wall

SIX STAGES OF MOUNTAIN CLIMBING

- 1) The first stage is the easiest. It means you can walk, and you make little use of your hands.
- 2) Combination in climbing of using both hands and feet.
- 3) Use of rope. If you have some experience, you will climb roped together with a partner.
- 4) This is already a difficult stage; the mountain is steep and you are making use of the iron pitons for security reasons.
- 5) By now you are using very much man-made equipment—not only ropes and pitons, but in addition, small rope-ladders in order to actually climb.
- 6) The most difficult stage with the use of very much man-made equipment. Here you need experience.



The first climber or lead-man in a party climbing a "traverse." His left foot stands in a rope-ladder, while his right foot gets a stand in a natural crack or crevice. Mr. Raditschnig says the "the difficulty of this climb is between the 5th and 6th stage."



During Army training one man is being rescued by his comrades with the use of regular mountain-climbing equipment. Very special knots are used for this sort of roping (downward). The wounded man sits in a rope-sling so that the rescuer can move freely and the weight of the wounded man is less felt by the rescuer. The rescuer holds the wounded man away from the mountain wall or rock.

and standing firmly, but his fall affects your position not in the least. My shoulders bear the weight of his fall until he finds a foothold and secures himself. Then, again he climbs upward, coming closer all the time, until he reaches my side! If my partner has equal experience, he takes over the lead

for the next 100 to 125 feet. But if he is not as experienced, I continue in the lead while he secures himself to the piton. There is one difference, however. He can either place the rope diagonally around his shoulders as I have done, or run it through the snap-ring.

I continue the ascent up the next rope-lengths, repeating all of the movements or actions that I have described, as frequently as necessary, until in due time we both have reached the top of the mountain.

It is easier to climb upward than to descend a steep wall!

When you are climbing upward, you *see* where you are going. Your eyes are below the level of your hands. This means that you can actually see to select a rock strong enough to secure you.

But, as you descend, it is not easy to look downward. You don't see where your feet are going, and if the rock under you is strong enough to support your weight.

This is why the second man goes down first. His chances of slipping are more frequent, and the guide or lead man stays above to secure his partner, in case of a fall.

It stands to reason that mountain climbing needs *experience*. When you look through binoculars at a mountain you see hundreds of cracks and crevices in the rock-wall. But when you climb, you see nothing of these cracks until you actually reach them.

This is what I mean by experience. The more climbing you do, the easier it becomes to locate the

best routes where you know that, at the end of your rope, you can secure an iron piton. This also explains why climbers ascend the mountain slowly with the experienced man in the lead!

In climbing it is important to remember that you never grab the next hold on a rock with two hands. You always stand cautiously on "three points"—three parts of your body. To give an example: you stand with two feet and hold on with one hand, while the second hand searches the rock for another secure hold. Or, you grab onto the wall with both hands and one foot, moving the second foot slowly upwards, probing for the next step. This is known as the system of "Three Points!"

What About Equipment?

All mountain climbers carry a *rucksack*, and an experienced man has with him *at all times* certain items of paramount importance that mean his survival! The *rucksack* should not be wider than a climber's body, and is packed with the heavy items *on top*. Why? Because, as you climb, your shoulders should bear the heaviest weight and you can stand in an upright position.

Even on a summer day you have a second pair of warm socks, two wool sweaters, a woolen cap, and warm gloves.

I need not mention the First Aid Kit, but I must stress the importance of food. Even on a short climb you must have enough food for a second day because you never know what can happen. What if suddenly

bad weather comes in, and it snows and ice forms on the rocks. You will be forced to camp over night until the weather changes, perhaps even a second day!

A very essential piece of equipment is a plastic bag about 6 x 6 feet, called the *Bivouac Bag*. It closes on three sides, and one side remains open. When bad weather

The so-called "rope-traverse." The lead climber (not seen in photo) climbed up with the help of a rope, using it like a pendulum and, as indicated by this photo, the rope had swung to the left side. The leader has climbed somewhat higher than his partner, and secured himself and the rope to an iron piton.



comes in, you search for a safe place where both you and your partner sit together under the plastic bag.

Now you are protected from rain and snow. But even more decisive is that the bag helps to *hold your body temperature!* So can you understand the urgency of the bivouac bag? That without it—you could freeze to death! Be sure to carry it with you at all times!

Another excellent piece of safety equipment is a plastic helmet. It protects you from falling stones, or in case you have an accident.

Most climbers forget *their sunglasses* and they are important. High up in the mountains the glare is exceptionally bright. Even more so on glaciers where you can become snow-blinded. So consider this also a safety rule; have with you at all times, a pair of sunglasses!

We use heavy *mountain boots* with specially developed rubber soles and narrow profiles. The boots should fit tightly, not much wider than your foot, because of the narrow areas in the rock-wall where you stand during a climb.

If you are not experienced in directions, a *compass* is important. Also maps exist of most mountain ranges. These are special maps, mostly with a scale of one to 25,000, that serve your purpose very well. From these maps you learn where to find valleys, and the mountain routes and shelter huts. Together with a compass, you can chart the safest course for climbing.

Also helpful is the *altimeter*. This is a small round meter about two inches in diameter, and works

by the barometric system. It informs you how the air pressure is becoming less and less, and about your altitude.

What is the actual system used to locate a position?

To answer this I must explain that the purpose of the map is to indicate by contour lines and shadings the land formation and elevation of the mountain terrain. With the help of these contour lines, you know in advance the geographic formation of the mountain range. For example, you will know if a valley has to be crossed, if a ridge is steep and rugged, or the contrary, gently sloping. The map also indicates areas of grass, rock, and ice.

Where there is a glacier, the area is specified on the map by white graduating to blue shades. Certain markings trace the dangerous crevasses while other markings point out what we often use for a landmark—a peninsular of solid grounded rock formation immovable by the glacier itself.

In the case where you are not certain of your position, or let us say that the weather changes suddenly, it is a good idea to check your position before you are fogged in.

We proceed as follows: Take out your map, compass, and the altimeter. If you are on a glacier, try to find (see) a familiar spot; such as a shelter-hut, a mountain-peak, or a landmark described above, a solid rock formation.

As I explain this to you I shall use for my landmark a mountain

shelter-hut. I take out my compass and measure the direction of the hut with the built-in degree scale of the compass.

Then I take the map, placing it so that I can look at it straight on and the top part is pointing north. Now I place the compass on the map in such a way that the furthestmost side of the compass, (specifically, that edge of the compass furthest from my body) is on the landmark on the map. This is the same landmark (the mountain-hut) which, a few moments ago, I had measured in reality with my compass.

Now, I slowly turn the compass as long as necessary, until the magnetic needle is again in line with the North Point on the compass scale. Then I draw on the map a line from that known point (the mountain hut towards me or in the direction of my body—and on the map this indicates the same direction I had measured in nature (i.e. now transferred to the map).

Now I read my altimeter. If, for example, the reading is 6,000 feet, then I find on the map where the contour line of that altitude crosses the lines which I have drawn. Where it crosses is my exact position.

When there are more landmarks (let us say a mountain peak as well as the mountain hut) then I double and triple check this procedure to

be even more exact and certain of my position. I measure each one separately as described above, and where all of these lines cross, *this* is certain to be my exact position. By using this system it is impossible for me to become lost!

In mountain climbing you use special foods.

For quick energy, you have chocolate, dextrose sugar, and foods high in vitamin content. I.e., foods that the body absorbs faster. Sometimes we carry a small gas stove, about five inches long and 3 inches wide. With this stove we melt snow and make tea, coffee, soups, cook rice, etc. Dried fruits are excellent and it is important to take those meats containing much fat or oil; bacon, sausages, canned sardines, and tuna fish. You are burning up tremendous energy while climbing and you need a lot of fat. You also need salt pills to restore body salt and minerals which you lose by perspiration during long, long climbs.

So, before you begin mountain climbing, be sure you are well prepared! *First*, that you know the technique at least from learning if not by experience. *Second*, you are prepared with the right safety equipment. and *last* but not least, you take with you the right foods. ■ ■

The full use of today is the best preparation for tomorrow.—
Carl E. Holmes in *Better Way*.

Don't be a cloud because you can't be a star.—*Highways of Happiness*.

APOCRYPHA: What's That?

By Melvin G. Williams

EVERY child learns in Sunday school that there are sixty-six books in the Bible—thirty-nine in the Old Testament, twenty-seven in the New. "Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus..." Some have even learned to recite them in order all the way to Revelation and have earned a prize from an admiring teacher.

But how many know where to fit in the book of First Maccabees, or Tobit, or Judith? Chances are that these books aren't in their Bibles at all. Yet they were in Martin Luther's German Bible of 1534 and the King James Version of 1611. And they appear today in every Roman Catholic edition.

These—and others that total fourteen or fifteen altogether—are the books known as the Apocrypha.

Their history is not complicated, though the attitudes people have

had toward them is. To try to understand it all, take yourself back to the time after the fall of Jerusalem when Jews were quite literally having to fight to keep their covenant faith alive. Many threats were political and military, but others were more insidious, especially those growing out of the constant contact with people of other religions.

So those who would conserve the faith of their fathers closed ranks around the record of that faith as found in the Torah—the first five books of our Bible—as well as the other texts that today comprise our Protestant version of the Old Testament.

Yet of course those thirty-nine books were hardly the total production of Hebrew literature, as the recently discovered Dead Sea Scrolls has reminded us all. There

Dr. Williams is Assistant Professor of English, American International College, Springfield, Mass. 01109

were other books in all of the many categories of biblical literature. The Chronicles are history; so is First Maccabees. The Proverbs are wisdom; so is Ecclesiasticus. The Psalms are poetry; so are sections of Baruch, Judith, the Song of the Three Young Men, and other books as well.

These apocryphal books—the word means “hidden”—were well known and popular among Jews at the time of Christ’s life, for instance. But so were other books of similar kinds that were sympathetic to various Jewish splinter groups that were soon to include Christianity. Clearly something had to be done to keep true faith intact.

AND SO it was that about the year 90 A. D. in the city of Jamnia, a council met to fix for all time the canon of Scripture—those books which were to be revered as sacred. But there were problems even then. Was the approved collection to be the smaller group of books in the Hebrew or the larger one in the Greek translation used by Jews in such places as Alexandria? Were all of the traditional Hebrew books, for that matter, each of similar worth?

The technicalities of their deliberations are not properly part of our story, but the results are. For they gave to the world two distinct classes of religious literature, one sanctified as “scripture,” the other suspect enough that although it was labelled as literature which does “not defile the hands” it was

nonetheless the source of confusion in the house where it was read.

Early Christians, meanwhile continued to read and circulate this second class even after it was abandoned by the Jews, along with other works that are largely lost to us today. Remember that these contested books were part of the Greek Scriptures used by all Christian converts who did not read Hebrew.

When St. Jerome directed the translation of the great Latin Vulgate Bible in the fifth century, naturally he had to consider the question of the canon. Should he follow the Greek or the Hebrew collection? Officially, he felt that the non-Hebrew books did not merit the same recognition as the others, but all the books we call the Apocrypha today were translated and included in his edition at places where historical continuity or other judgments indicated.

A thousand years later the issue was still unsettled, and most Protestants, especially at the time of the Reformation, disagreed with the position of the Roman Church by holding the apocryphal books as suspect. Yet most scholars were hesitant to cast them out altogether, so Martin Luther, for instance, bound all but two of the books together in what one writer has called a kind of ghetto between the Old and New Testaments. Even though they were not placed on the same level as the canonical books, still they were useful for instruction.

And they still are. Consider the book called The Wisdom of Jesus,

Son of Sirach, a book so long used as an instruction manual for students of Christianity that it became known as "Ecclesiasticus" or "Church Book." Among the best known of all lines in the entire Apocrypha are those from an ode in this book that begins "Let us now praise famous men."

The Wisdom of Solomon, too, offers instruction to its readers. But this is as theological as Ecclesiasticus is practical. Ideas of original sin and personal immortality are developed here for the first time in biblical literature.

But to be sure, not all the books of the Apocrypha are treatises. First Maccabees, for instance, is history that should be essential for anyone who wonders what went on in the period between the Old and New Testaments. Concerned with the revolt of the Maccabees against the foreign rulers of Israel and with the subsequent rise of Jewish national independence, it describes people committed to a faith that brought them through hardship to almost incredible victories.

And Susanna, one of the shortest books in the group, is still worth reading as an excellent detective story—one of the very earliest on record in any language, with the same moral that prevails today: crime does not pay. In a plot that seems surprisingly modern, Susanna refuses two would-be seducers who then accuse her of adultery. Her trial the following day is quick and the verdict is final—execution by stoning. But as she is being

led away a young man named Daniel appears dramatically, demanding that her two accusers be questioned separately. Upon individual examination they contradict one another. Susanna is then freed and they are put to death.

Among the rest, let us look at just one more book both for its own sake as a fine story and for its influence on art and literature right up to the twentieth century.

Judith is the heroine of a thrilling historical romance that bears her name, a story set in the siege of her city of Bethulia by an Assyrian general named Holofernes. Ideally beautiful and intensely religious (her name means Jewess), Judith risks her life by going to the camp of the enemy where she is able to whack off the head of Holofernes while he sleeps in a drunken stupor after too much wine. Then, slipping past the sentries, she carries his head back to her own people in her handbag (!) and then displays it for all to see. Victory has been assured.

"It may be," pondered Martin Luther, "that such a poem was performed even as we present the passion plays and the lives of the saints." Certainly it has animated scores of artists from Van Dyck and Botticelli to Titian and Cranach, as well as over a hundred writers, all of whom have taken it for their model. One treatment—a play by Jean Giraudoux—has played to enthusiastic crowds within the last few years in New York. Rosemary Harris in the title role of the almost bitterly ironic adaptation recreates

what the program notes call "the purest and fairest daughter of Israel."

It is unfortunate that this apocryphal literature has been lost to the Protestant world. For in spite of the questions of "inspiration and authority," in its pages lie wisdom, political history, legends, fiction, and poetry. It is there that we first hear of the tension between Pharisee and Sadducee that crops up later in the New Testament, and there that the doctrine of eternal life is first detailed.

Perhaps it is now time that we join with Martin Luther in his German translation of the Bible by affirming that although "these books are not held equal to the sacred scriptures" still they "are useful and good for reading." ■ ■



"Son, you are going forth into the world to meet other little boys . . . Let's get one thing straight: Your Dad is *not* going to lick their dads."

Daily Bible Readings

September

DAY	BOOK	CHAPTER
1	Psalms	92:1-15*
2	Isaiah	12:1-6
3	Isaiah	35:1-10
4	Luke	15:1-10
5	Luke	15:11-32

Responsible Life

6 Sunday	2 Samuel	12:1-14
7	2 Kings	7:3-11
8	2 Chronicles	7:12-22
9	2 Chronicles	36:11-21
10	Isaiah	5:1-7
11	Malachi	3:6-12
12	Matthew	25:14-30

Life Under God's Sovereignty and Care

13 Sunday	Psalms	47:1-9*
14	Psalms	67:1-7*
15	Isaiah	42:1-9
16	Isaiah	43:1-13
17	Isaiah	51:1-11
18	Ezekiel	34:6-16
19	Hosea	11:1-12

A Separated Life

20 Sunday	Joshua	23:1-11
21	1 Samuel	12:13-25
22	Matthew	6:19-24
23	Luke	14:15-24
24	John	6:53-69
25	Philippians	3:1-16
26	2 Corinthians	6:14 to 7:1

Divinely Guided Life

27 Sunday	Genesis	28:10-22
28	Exodus	3:1-15
29	Exodus	13:17-22
30	Deuteronomy	32:1-12

*This Psalm is numbered one less in some Bibles.

The Visit

By Dan Ross

A father-son confrontation

JOHN Drake knew he was cured. Otherwise, he would never have made this Sunday afternoon journey to the boy's school in this quiet little Connecticut town. Now as he directed the rented black sedan up the driveway leading to the main entrance of the red brick dormitory he realized all his feeling of assurance was beginning to drain away.

His sensitive and still youthful face showed a troubled expression as he brought the car to a halt in a gravel road at the side of the building fringed by tall borders of carefully tended bushes. Slowly getting out of the car he walked the short distance to the front door of the building, his thoughts a long way off.

He was thinking of his recent

final interview with the psychiatrist who had helped him begin a new life. Dr. Dean was elderly, warm, and tolerant. The old man told him, "I have high hopes for you, Drake. I think you're cured of your compulsion to gamble and the drinking that went with it."

He had nodded seriously. "There'll be no sliding back," he promised.

Dr. Dean sighed. "I hope not. It could happen only too easily. Behind most problems of your kind there is a record of insecurity. The gambling and the rest served only as a means of escape. With the necessity to run away from life removed, you should not need them."

"I realize that, sir," John Drake said quietly.

"Your problems seem to be in



hand now," the doctor went on. "You and your wife are legally separated. But there still could be a chance to rebuild your marriage."

"I wonder," he said with a deep sigh.

"It depends entirely on you," the old man across the desk from him pointed out. "Naturally your wife is still in a bitter frame of mind. It will take time. Meanwhile you have your son."

"Yes, my son."

"He should be the most important influence in your life at this time. Someone who needs you, someone to care for you and on whom you can lavish your affection."

"I mean to see him soon," John Drake promised.

"I wouldn't rush it," the old doctor warned. "Make sure you are your own man again before you intrude on the lad's life. And remember he's only ten. Still at an impressionable age. And he'll naturally feel closer to his mother than you after all that has happened. You are fortunate your wife has money of her own and so has been able to send him to a good boarding school."

"I'll take over the expenses myself as soon as I can," he said as he got up to leave.

And he had done this. After six months in a menial position with his old law firm he'd felt secure enough in his new life to get in touch with Grace and tell her he intended to assume the cost of young John's schooling at the academy. Her reply had been cool acceptance and a stipulation he would not bother the boy by visit-

ing him.

John Drake waited another three months. And now he knew he must see his son. He had phoned from the town and told the head of the school he was coming and asked that he might have a short interview with the boy. The request had been granted although he was almost certain the unwary headmaster hadn't looked into the background of the situation at the time of the telephone interview. Well, he'd soon know if he were welcome.

Most of all he worried about how his son would receive him. It had been more than two years since they'd met. In the final year they had lived as a family John knew he'd been far from himself. And he could never forget the memory of that last angry quarrel with Grace to which the boy had been a stunned observer. How to explain?

To let him understand the chaos and shouts of recrimination between grownups did not always signify hatred. An end to love! Could the small, pale-faced boy who had watched them briefly from the doorway and run off realize about such things?

That unhappy moment had remained seared in his memory all through the agony that came afterwards. And it was still there like a sordid scene from some remembered film. Now that he was restored to normalcy he turned away from the thought he had created such a scene. Would the boy remember as vividly and hold it against him? Had he killed his son's love? He would soon know and he trembled

at the prospect.

THE headmaster of the school was an older man and very suave. When he received John Drake in his office there was no mistaking the air of disapproval showing on his round, bland face. After he made the initial greetings and waved John Drake to a chair he stood with his hands clasped behind his back.

"When you phoned I had no idea who you were, Mr. Drake," he said stiffly. "I have since looked at your son's file. I find my position embarrassing. It seems you are not supposed to visit the boy."

"I believe I'm entitled to the privilege now," John Drake said with an effort. "I've tried very hard to merit the right. I mean the boy no harm. If my wife insists that I'm not to see him, I can take legal steps to press my rights in the matter. I'd rather not. Unpleasant publicity for the school undoubtedly."

It worked. The headmaster coughed. "You may see your son this time. But I urge you to make arrangements with his mother before you come again."

"I intend to see her soon," John Drake assured him.

The headmaster led the way. "He is waiting for you in the front parlor."

The door closed behind him and he was alone in the old-fashioned room with his son. Johnny stood by a window, looking taller and thinner than he remembered him, with a sullen expression on his young

face. The sight of him brought a tightness to John Drake's throat and a mist to his eyes. Working hard to hide his emotion he advanced to him and said, "Hello, Johnny!"

"Hello," the answer was low and defiant.

"You didn't expect me."

"No."

"I've missed you. I've wanted to see you and talk to you."

Johnny regarded him warily. "Does my mother know you are here?"

He shook his head. "I didn't tell her this time. I will again. I hoped we might talk a little. Get friendly again." He paused.

The boy clenched his fists. "I don't want to be friends! I hate you!" And without giving him a chance to plead, he rushed out of the room slamming the door.

The headmaster was quietly triumphant as he showed John Drake out. "I take it your visit didn't go too well. Not surprising. Such strong ties with his mother."

Then he was alone on the granite steps taking a deep breath of the country air and knowing how dismally he'd failed. Realizing he had lost his son. That now there was no one. Without the boy's love he could never hope to get Grace to consider trying marriage again. He knew he couldn't allow himself despair. That could be the trap! The waiting trap! He'd have to go on hoping that later he could make the boy understand. Yet even now in the back of his mind he was thinking about old friends, loud

laughter around a card table, the blurred false happiness of too many drinks! And even though he knew this was the trap, he faltered.

He walked along the lane with its high hedges, his head bent in dejection. His hand was on the car door when he heard the muffled sounds of youthful sobs from the other side of the tall bushes. He hesitated, ready to enter the car, but something told him this concerned him. That he shouldn't ignore this sound of misery. With quick strides he walked around the hedge to find a small boy with quivering shoulders and fists fiercely dug into tear-filled eyes.

John Drake put a comforting arm around his son's shoulders and drew him close. "It's all right, Johnny," he said. "I'm still here. I'll always be here." And more than ever before he was certain this would be so. ■ ■

AT EASE

Teacher: "How old would a person be who was born in 1920?"

Jimmy: "Man or woman?"—*Fun Time*.

Things are so bad for college football in some of the colleges that they're thinking of using students on the team.—Anna Herbert.

PHOTO CREDITS

Pages 5-13, Herbert Raditschnig; pages 25-27, 47, U.S. Army; page 51, U.S. Air Force; pages 60,61; U.S. Army, U.S. Air Force, U.S. Navy, CROP.



"You're gonna subscribe to *True Detective* and *Real Crime* magazines. Right?"



"Once you start reading it you won't be able to lay it down until you're ready to throw it in the trash can."

What does it add up to?

$$\begin{array}{r} 09B \\ + 70A10 \\ + 71M20 \\ = CA \end{array}$$

By George Reswik

PERHAPS one of the most misunderstood jobs in the U. S. Army is that of a chaplain's enlisted assistant (CA). There are those who believe that this individual is only a "glorified janitor." Others think he is an assistant chaplain. Both of these evaluations are far from the truth. The chaplain and the chaplain's assistant form a team. This team effort is the backbone of the religious program in the U. S. Army.

In order for a soldier to become a chaplain's assistant in the U. S. Army, he must successfully complete the 71M20 course at the U. S. Army Chaplain School, Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn, New York. This



Sp/6 Robert T. Warner conducts a class on different DA forms to the enlisted students at the U. S. Army Chaplain School.

course, which is four weeks in duration, equips a man with the knowledge necessary to become a chaplain's assistant. He is then awarded the 71M20 Military Occupational Specialty (MOS). Upon graduation, a man normally has orders for his next assignment. This could result in service as a chaplain's assistant practically anywhere in the world.

What are the prerequisites for attendance at the 71M20 course? *In the first place*, the individual must want to be a chaplain's assistant. No one is arbitrarily sent to the school to fill a quota. The men who arrive at the school each week are there because they have



Specialist Warner uses the teaching principle of “learning to do by doing” as he oversees chaplains’ assistants as they fill out forms called for on their jobs.

asked to come.

Secondly, the prospective chaplain’s assistant must be interviewed and recommended by a chaplain before he is accepted as a student at the Chaplain School. Chaplains at training centers all over the United States are constantly watching out for volunteers for the religious program in the Army. Through an effective screening process, established at each training center, the training center chaplains are instrumental in keeping the Enlisted Training Division (ETD) supplied with capable men who eventually are placed in Army chapels all over the world.

Thirdly, the man who is accepted as a student by ETD must be either a high school graduate or have equivalent education (GED). The caliber of students received at the school is of the highest level. For example, for the third quarter in FY 69 over 60 percent of the students held college degrees. Of these men, 10 percent earned their master’s degree before entering the Army.

Before reaching student status in ETD, the prospective chaplain’s assistant will have completed basic combat training and general clerk school. As you can see, the student is already a combatant and a qual-

ified general clerk before his specialized training in the chaplain program has begun. This is another reason why chaplain assistants are outstanding, all-around soldiers. They are able to serve as fighting men, clerical assistants, and religious support men by the time they report to their first assignment with the 71M20 MOS.

WHAT is taught in ETD, or what is the curriculum at the 71M20 course? In order to gain an understanding of his future relationship with a chaplain, the student has a block of instruction titled, "The Chaplain/Chaplain's Assistant Team." During these

hours, the mission of the chaplaincy, with an emphasis upon the role and relationships of the chaplain's assistant and his duties, is outlined. An appreciation of the primary role of the chaplain and the religious program within the Army is gained by the student.

Appropriated and nonappropriated funds constitute another area of instruction. This is an introduction to military funds. A working knowledge of the principles, policies, and procedures for the administration of a nonappropriated chaplain's fund is provided. In order to assist the student in understanding funding procedures, practical exercises have been developed

Of course, there have to be lecture periods and discussion. Specialist Warner has a live class with many chaplains' assistants eager to answer questions.



in which the student applies the knowledge in the operation of a consolidated chaplain's fund.

Since chaplain's assistants must know office management and personnel procedures, a block of office administration is offered. In this course of instruction, the student is provided with an introduction to Army administration and a working knowledge of administrative reports. Included in these hours is a discussion of safeguarding defense information, telephone procedures, appointment scheduling and practical exercises in correspondence and the Army Functional File System.

There is a field training exercise for all students. Each group of students goes to Fort Tilden where they learn to function as chaplains' assistants in the "field" environment. In the field they are taught such subjects as chaplain combat operations, field religious activities, internal defense development, and map reading. When circumstances permit, it is hoped that driver training will be incorporated into this phase of the 71M20 course. At present, chaplains are asked to assist in the training program by getting their assistants qualified as drivers as soon as possible.

Although theology is not taught at the Chaplain School, the students do receive classes on denominational requirements and religious education. The aim of this type of instruction is to reinforce the student's religious background and to provide an orientation of the other major faiths.

Closely allied to the above are subjects that fall under the category of "support of chapel program." Here the students become acquainted with military weddings and funerals, referral agencies, and pastoral counseling. These hours provide the student with an understanding of those agencies, activities and programs which support the chapel program.

Supply administration is another vital part of any chapel program. For this reason, the student gains information in the preparation of supply form and maintenance of supply files. Practical exercises are used to ascertain the student's comprehension of this important activity. During the field problem, all aspects of the chaplain's TOE (Table of Organization and Equipment) are considered (i.e., assembly, operation, maintenance, loading, and transporting).

The fourth week of classes is spent at the Audio-Visual Support Center at Fort Hamilton. Here the student becomes a licensed projectionist. He learns the operation and care of audio-visual equipment. Included in this portion of instruction are classes on sound motion picture projectors, overhead projectors, opaque projectors, public address sets, and tape recorders.

Throughout the four weeks of training at ETD, the students must maintain the highest military performance standard. Cadre from headquarters company supervises drill and ceremonies and inspections. The men must have military

(Continued on page 31)

Play It Again, Bach!

By Haydn Gilmore

The author acknowledges the kind help of his brother. Several quotes and the wise selection of the cantata lyrics were from the Rev. John Lewis Gilmore, pastor of the Mount Olivet United Church of Christ, Livingston, N.J.

THE fame of Bach is legendary—and true. Pablo Casals called him the “greatest of all composers.” *Time* Magazine referred to him as the “Fifth Evangelist.”

The *Time* Cover Story also praised Bach by saying: “His music looms far larger today than it did in his own time... It might easily be argued that the history of music since the 18th century has consisted of a series of variations on Bach.”

When Bach was asked to what he attributed his success, he replied, “I worked hard. Whoever is equally industrious will succeed equally well.” Bach worked hard: that is the first base of genius. Tom Edison would have liked Bach, for Edison said that “Genius is ten percent inspiration and ninety percent perspiration.”

The world must know by now that Bach was distinctly and unequivocally a Christian. And there was one thing that he did *not* work for: his standing before God. Bach wrote (in Cantata #84:) “To man God nothing oweth. If I rewarded be, it is because He loveth me. Nought that I do deserves His favor: for all I have to Him I owe. Yea, aught of good that’s found in my behavior is due return to Him who loved me so.”

Bach believed that he was rescued in Christ by grace alone. Well known is the inscription on the original face sheets of his music (since a revived custom): *Soli Deo Gloria*—*To the glory of God alone*. The booklet of musical instruction to his son was dedicated “In the name of Jesus.”

Bach wrote to the glory of God, and his music attempted and succeeded in magnifying the depths of Scripture. One writer, W. H. Scheide said that Bach was a "singularly acute interpreter of the Bible." (*J.S. Bach As An Interpreter.*) Charles Widor, the French organist who wrote the introduction to Albert Schweitzer's two-volume work on Bach, said, "Bach is the greatest of preachers."

The music itself reflects the variations and harmonies in the grace of God. Bach would agree with Milton at this point. John Milton, who was also an amateur organist, wrote:

There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through
mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine
eyes.

Perhaps much of modern progressive music might be interested in the spiritual basis of Bach. Modern rock artists have been intrigued enough to borrow his patterns and harmonics, that's for sure.

The words of Bach's music might be examined as well.

... Joy and Blessing shall be theirs
Whom the Lord in Love hath chosen.
For along with Christ appears
Golden Hope to all who own Him.
(Cantata #184)

Alone in thee, Lord Jesus Christ,
My hope on earth resideth.
Thou art my Savior, well, I wist,
Who all my course decideth.

Not ever since the world began
Hath on this earth been born the
man
Who can from trouble rescue me.
I call on Thee,
Alone who can salvation give.
(Cantata #33)

A remarkable facet is Bach's originality. In the beginning Bach was not honored; in fact, his music was not understood by many. At first Bach won scant attention for his numerous compositions; he had to shrug off such congregational comments as that worshipers were surprised with obtuse "variations and irrelevant ornaments."

It might come as a shock to some that Bach (1685-1750) was not the chief musician, nor was he even the chief church musician of his day. And Bach was humble enough, and poor enough, to walk fifty miles, on one occasion, to hear the celebrated Handel—who was on tour.

The greatest oratorio and organ composer in Germany in Bach's day was Georg Telemann (1681-1767). But Telemann was gradually eclipsed by Bach, so that today the brilliance of Telemann has required a special renaissance of its own.

Bach, little-known, kept on with his craft and joyous art: yesterday obscure, today king. Bach did not write for popularity; he did not strive for acceptance. Yet when all is said and done, he has "won over mankind" because he was true to himself.

The truest Bach is the minister of music—and that has made all the difference.

At the time of his death (and he

was totally blind at the end) Bach had eighty-three books in his library; and they were all theology books. Some of the titles were: *Reflection on the Counsel of God*, *Sermons on the Injuries of Joseph*, *Apples of the Evangelical Eye*, *Foundations of the Augsburg Confession*, *Time and Eternity*, *Warning Against the Desertion of the Lutheran Religion*, *Hours of Refreshment*.

As Bach's music has met the test of time, so, too, his basic belief in Christ as Savior and Lord endures. The things that are most real do not deteriorate with the passage of time; they get brighter and more glorious. It is a subtle irony that the musician who centered his life on eternal things has had some of the most durable music of Western man.

One does not tire of Bach's musical creations; one thirsts for more. "Play it again, J.S. Bach."

To be taken up with this world too much can lead to a harvest of disappointment—the weary round of man's ruin. "All is vanity", says the Preacher; but, "All is beauty and joy," says the artist.

Bach's joy was Christ-motivated: "The death of Christ... is at the center of Bach's art... He was pre-occupied with the theme throughout his life and it is to be found everywhere in his work" (Scheide).

Not all of us can be recalled from the concerns of this world as frequently; but, in the midst of the world we can be strengthened by the great and lasting music of men such as Bach.

Bach's music ministers still, for Bach did not think of Christianity as temporary. In Cantata #65 Bach once again penned the words for his music; "Lord, Thou Thyself to me give: Then sure I'll be the richest of earth's mortals; yea, having Thee in me, how greatly favored shall I be and one day enter heaven's portals."

All this and Bach, too. ■ ■

$$09B + 70A10 + 71M20 = CA$$

(Continued from page 28)

discipline and, consequently, the importance of military appearance and bearing is an integral segment of 71M20 training.

The equation we have used as a title should now be understood: Basic combat training (09B) plus general clerk school (70A10) plus chaplain's assistant training (71M20) equal the requirements of a chaplain's assistant (CA). ■ ■

TO KEEP THE FAITH

Since I am here and you are there,
With letters all we have to share,
I spend much time in quiet prayer.

I'm grateful that my love and yours
Through separation still endures.

And live in faith in God that He,
When war's great horrors cease to be,
Will bring you safely back to me.

—Enola Chamberlin

Love's Behavior

By Kyle M. Yates

HARNACK calls this chapter "The greatest, strongest, deepest thing Paul ever wrote." It is a classic picture that is strangely like a strain of rich music. In it the great theologian pictures love as being superior to all spiritual gifts and graces. No one of these graces can display its excellence without love as an integral part of the basic quality. The worth and value of love is presented.

Love is contrasted, analyzed, and defended. Love's values, characteristics, and permanence are described. Its superiority, its nature, and its permanence are presented in unforgettable language. Paul describes a brilliant life with love left out, a beautiful life with love in evidence, and a blessed life with love permanently enduring. Another interpreter uses the simple outline: A life without love (1-3). A life with love (4-7). A life where love is eternally permanent and enduring (8-13).

A life without love (1-3). Even though a person displays remarkable brilliance and unusual powers and unbelievable graces the sum total of his values and achievements and worth add up to an absolute zero. Mysteries, prophecies, eloquence, philanthropy, and self-sacrifice even to the point of martyrdom—prove useless, valueless, and worthless. One ingredient is missing. When love is absent no one of these gifts can have any value. Love is extraordinarily essential and adds great value to the worth of each of them. How empty any life becomes when there is no love to add the crowning perfection that Paul describes. In no way does the apostle condemn tongues and knowledge and prophecies and philanthropic sacri-

Dr. Yates is the Distinguished Professor of the Bible, Baylor University, Waco, Tex. 76703

Next month: Romans 8

fices. He leads the reader to recognize the transforming worth of love. He pleads for the element that can guarantee abundant living that will make victorious living possible.

A beautiful life with love in control (4-7). Another portrait is painted. In this case love is in control and makes for a life that resembles the life of Jesus of Nazareth. The qualities or characteristics of love are clearly visible. Eight negatives and seven positive marks of love are unfolded in this short paragraph. Paul delights to describe exactly how love behaves. Love beautifies gifts. In an individual or in a church the new ingredient makes for a delightful quality of life. A new adventure is certain to come. Life is different.

Love is patient and kind. Patience and kindness are virtues that can come only when love lives in the heart. Suffering and misfortune can make life exceedingly difficult. Love proves its worth under offenses and injuries and stress. Difficult people are apt to hurt and offend. This noble quality is born of love. Instead of retaliation or becoming bitter such a heart reveals a generous spirit that resembles the spirit which characterized our Lord's behavior. Love understands, waits, and endures. Love's gentleness of behavior provides a fellowship that delights the soul. A generous spirit produces a magnanimity that shows forth the rare beauty that characterized our God from the earliest days of the history of Israel. How patient he has been!

Kindness dwells only in hearts where love reigns. Love creates an atmosphere in which kindness can grow. Kindness is an active quality. Considerateness, thoughtfulness, gentleness of soul, and genuine kindness will come from hearts that have love in residence. Kindness gives itself in unselfish deeds. It thrives and grows and acts. Life can be beautiful when love is present. Such a person will give evidence of self-control and self-restraint and self-expression. The followers of our Lord should manifest something of these choice qualities. Love will do it. Kindness is the convincing evidence of Christian love.

Love envies not. Envy is an ugly word. It is a vice, a noxious weed. It grows in a soil made strong by selfishness and hatred. To envy is to dislike and despise excellence in others. Envy cannot grow in an atmosphere made clean and sweet by a rich mixture of

love. Love is the one element that serves as a powerful pesticide to rid the heart of such a despised interloper. The rule of generosity and magnanimity will be found when love has made its abode in the heart.

Love is neither jealous nor envious. It provides the making of true heart behavior. Our Lord revealed the sacred nature of a heart that has never known envy. His followers will rejoice in the wholesome success and prosperity of every worthy man or woman. Such love is sacrificial, striving always to rejoice in the good fortune of all. Such love will enrich the spirit of a church until it transforms the life of the membership.

Vaunteth not itself. Vainglory and self-boasting reveal a display that is loathsome and detestible. Conceit and pride and selfishness are unbearable. Modesty lives where love reigns. Love is never boastful. It never appears as a braggart. Vaunting is an expression of false pride and ugly conceit. It is unthinkable to imagine the Lord Jesus as one who "vaunteth himself."

Is not puffed up. The word "phusa" gives the picture of one who is giving expression to his godless conceit. He is "puffed up" as the bellows which are used to blow air upon coals of fire. Love refuses to puff itself out like a pair of bellows. Arrogance is truly unchristian. It cannot live in the same heart with love. It is overpowered by the presence of genuine love.

Doth not behave itself unseemly. Love is never rude. It is never offensive and unmannerly. It does not stoop to unbecoming behavior. When a Christian has love in his heart it is out of the question to let that streak of rudeness show itself. The loving spirit is courteous and kind and trustworthy. Honor is safe and personality is sacred. Homes have a sanctity within the walls. Honor and beautiful courtesy are apparent in word and deed and attitude. It is unthinkable that indecent and embarrassing behavior should make it apparent that love does not live within.

Seeketh not her own. Do not expect love to think selfish thoughts. Love lives to give. In the world about you it is to be expected that selfishness will manifest itself. It seems to be the natural behavior. Paul claims that it can never happen when love lives in the heart. It is heart-rending to see a man or a woman who is mastered by this strong urge to get anything or everything that shows its head. How tragic! Jesus gave himself freely that others might live. Never once did he reveal any selfish display. Paul would have us walk as he

walked.

Is not provoked. Irritation or sharpness of spirit can never be condoned in Christian behavior. How does love behave under cruel irritation or strong provocation? Love is not "touchy." It never blazes forth in hasty anger and hot words. It never slashes or strikes with sharp language that hurts and wounds. The ugly display of temper is wholly out of place. In thought and word and attitude love reveals a beautiful spirit that is redolent with that which shone forth through the tones that characterized our blessed Lord. Love is capable of anger but not of irritability or resentment.

Takeeth not account of evil. Paul insists that love will not go along with one who keeps an account or notebook or records of every slight or wound or hurt. It does not remember or recall the real or the imaginary injuries or neglects. He believes in full forgiveness. He can forgive and forget. He never harbors a grudge nor broods over a slight. Lincoln was unusual in this particular. It is said of him that he never forgot a kindness and that he had no room in his mind for the memory of a wrong. He had a forgiving spirit. When one stores up wrongs he invites miseries. Love does not keep such records. Resentment is a pathetic companion. It is possible to select our memories and discard those that will produce miseries all through the life. Resentment can have no place in the heart of a Christian. Forgiveness is much more like the way our Master chose.

Rejoiceth not...rejoiceth. Dr. James Moffatt translates this line: "Love is never glad when others go wrong, love is always eager to believe the best." It is true that love can be counted on to stand solidly against injustice and as powerfully alongside truth. Love never has malicious delight in the misfortunes of others. It is Christlike to encourage goodness and to be happy to learn that truth has triumphed. Our Lord could see the queen in the harlot. He recognized the genuine worth in the big fisherman who would need much encouragement to grow into the place of leadership in the new group that would be called upon to set up the Christian church.

Beareth all things. This verb can be rendered as enduring hardships and indignities or it can take the meaning from the word "roof" and see the thought of covering, protecting and shielding. Love will gladly receive on itself the blows intended for another. Love is glad to suffer for others. It seeks to lay a protecting arm or shield about the one who is about to suffer the blows. The Savior willingly and gladly took upon himself every hard blow that caused him to ac-

cept the death on the cross. It was love that did it all.

Believeth all things. Love has faith in man. It is trustful. It is not suspicious. It believes the best. It is far from being gullible or soft. Such a trustful spirit can put a man on his feet and make him believe in himself so that he can move out to become a conqueror. The author of these lines remembers with deep gratitude the words of a big countryman who came across the church grounds to grip the hand of the fifteen-year-old boy to say: "Boy, I believe in you." Through the years those words have been powerful factors in causing me to have hope and courage and determination to go forward toward the heights. Eternity alone will reveal the power of that experience with a man who believed in me.

Hopeth all things. Love has hope instead of despair. The good days are ahead. Victories loom for us. Jesus had faith in such individuals as Simon Peter, Mary Magdalene, Zacchaeus, Matthew, Judas, and Saul of Tarsus. There were no impossible cases with Jesus. He could see hidden virtues, untapped resources, and eternal qualities that gave Him a profound hope. He continued to have faith in the individual.

Endureth all things. Love has the power to stand up under afflictions, persecution, burdens, and injuries with sweet grace and unending strength and continuing zeal. Steadfast and unmoved it carries on like a stouthearted soldier in the face of intolerable odds. Love's presence in the heart provides the staying power for all the crosses and the endurance needed. Love empowers the dedicated one with courage and strength and victorious perseverance.

Love never faileth, Love survives everything. It does not have an end. It is never obsolete. It is imperishable. It is of God and is as eternal as God himself. No disaster can destroy it or render it less alive. Prophecies, tongues, and knowledge will pass off the stage. They will become inoperative. In no sense will faith, hope, and love become useless or needless. There will be a place for each of them forever. They are to be the precious possession of the redeemed ones in glory. Love, the greatest of these eternal verities, will survive and continue to glow among the most beautiful of God's graces. Paul urges the believer to live a love-mastered life. It will make for choice fruits of the richest quality. It will give unbelievable joys for each moment of the ages ahead. It will make any life a triumphant one.

The greatest of these is LOVE.



Fighting Spirit

THE year 1969 probably marked the greatest year for the twenty-four-year-old outfielder for the Boston Red Sox, Tony Conigliaro. He received the beautiful 5-foot "Hutch Award," which is awarded annually to the player who "best exemplifies the fighting spirit and burning desire of the late Fred Hutchinson, former major league player and manager." Tony well deserved this outstanding honor. During a game in the 1967 season, on August 18, "Conig" was hitting a healthy 281, with 20 homers and 67 runs batted in. It looked like the young handsome player was on his way to having his greatest season. But then he came to bat against Jack Hamilton. The opposing pitcher wound up and let go the ball. The white sphere headed straight for the crouching Conig's plastic helmet. There was an awful sound of ball hitting flesh and bone. Down went the player to the ground like he was hit by a bullet. "Conig" was rushed to the hospital and placed on the critical list.

For several days the young player lingered between life and death. After about a week the danger had passed, but the x-rays revealed that great damage had occurred to one of his eyes. Later closer examination disclosed that the eye was permanently damaged and it was feared that this tragic accident would be the end of the star's baseball career. Anyway, that is what the medical team had disclosed in their report, but to this young athlete baseball was his life. He had fought to make the big leagues and he would fight again to make it back.

His father and mother were his greatest boosters. Thousands of prayers must have been said by these two. Tony at first regained part of his sight. He tried batting a few balls, did all right but the damaged optical became worse and he was told by the doctor to rest. Determined to play he began pitching. He figured if he couldn't hit he could, at least, throw the ball. Then something miraculous happened; he began to hit the ball again. As the days and weeks passed his sight became sharper and stronger. In 1969 he was once more placed on the Red Sox roster as a regular. When the season ended he had regained his eyesight and star status again. Tony is the first to state the fact that nothing is impossible with prayer, determination, and luck.

—Mario De Marco

Win or Lose

By James Cloer

Grace was furious because the *Morning Herald* had attacked her candidate—the day before the election!

FACE set and flushed, Grace Lloyd stepped past dozens of other employees streaming that Monday morning into the insurance company building towering into the brisk November air. Her right hand clenched a rolled newspaper. "That *Morning Herald!*" she muttered. "Knifing a decent candidate like Jeff Wissinger!"

Reaching her desk she sent the newspaper thudding into the waste paper basket. The editorial writer, she told herself, had as much shrewdness as malice; he'd saved his most brutal attack until the day before election. If there were time for her to get a letter written to the editor, she'd sting a callous hide. Her small form shook with anger.

Whisking off her lightweight gray

coat, she leaned into her locker, and before closing the door glanced into a quivering mirror. At the sight of her stormy face, her lips opened. She drew a long breath and stood immobile for seconds, then tucked in a strand of glossy black hair. At thirty-two and the mother of two she still passed on looks, she thought, with gratitude. Closing the locker door she smoothed down her red jersey dress and seated herself at her desk.

She opened a file folder and focused her thoughts on the prickly facts of a claim when Walter Abbott, the prematurely grizzled occupant of the desk in front of hers, swiveled around, crossed his long legs and leaned far back.

"Grace, when I saw you coming in I thought: 'That can't be Grace



Lloyd. Looks more like Barbara Fritchie, in all her defiance.' What's up, Girl? Who's the enemy?"

Her brown eyes snapped. "It's that *Morning Herald's* editorial about Jeff Wissinger." Her normally even voice now strained at bitter words rushing to her lips. "Jeff is the best candidate for Congress we've had in years! That editorial is full of errors, misstatements and . . . and outright falsehoods!"

Walter Abbott locked bony fingers behind stiff graying hair and laughed. His laugh matched the cynical expression playing over his gaunt face. "You mean it's full of

lies about your noble candidate?"

She felt her anger rising like steam, making her dizzy, setting her lips to trembling. Lowering her gaze to her desk but still conscious of the satirical grin, she dropped her hands into her lap and clenched them tight. No, she wouldn't let him goad her into another outburst that would delight him. After long moments she raised her hands to the desk-top, leaned forward and spoke evenly. "I'm a mother of two school-aged children. I live in a community my husband and I chose carefully. The community is deteriorating. I'm interested in bet-

ter schools, better law enforcement, better housing, better municipal services. I'm tired of the rising costs of living and the prospects of higher taxes. And it doesn't take the reasoning of a genius to figure out that the best way to start on all that is to get better public officials." Her small fist gently pounded the desk.

Leaning back in his chair, Walter remained silent for moments, his eyes half-closed. In this pose he always reminded Grace of a camel too contented at an oasis to face the desert. Then his eyes blinked wide and he began in a drawl.

"And so you think your candidate, Mr. Wissinger, is a knight on a white charger—that he can clean up the mess. Every political candidate can come up with more promises than guitars at a rock and roll festival. Political candidates are front men for axe grinders. Their speeches are written by flunkies who'd rob a bank if they weren't too lazy to carry away the money." He chuckled, swiveled his chair with a grating squeak, and tapped the toe of his shoe against the leg of his desk.

"Grace, you've got yourself all worked up over this criticism of your Mr. Wissinger, and he's probably right now trying to shake off a hangover and searching his muddled thoughts for some ninth-inning ballyhoo for the suckers."

Her eyes widened into a stare. "Walter, how *does* a man get to be as cynical as you are? How can a man of your intelligence be so . . . ?"

"Politically irresponsible?"

"Yes."

"Listen, my good woman, you're so naive it's pitiful. Wissinger has you hypnotized. When you escape that state—oh, that will be a sad day. Me—I don't let myself in for that. I don't vote . . . haven't for years. I stay out of the political garbage dump."

Grace wished she could abruptly close the conversation, turn Walter off as she would turn off a television program with one swift snap. As she tried to think of courteous but effective words she became conscious of someone standing at her right elbow.

A long-legged girl in an orange-hued miniskirt held a paper in one hand and touched her intricately piled blond hair with the other hand.

"Mrs. Lloyd, I'm Sue Dickery, from Mr. Toner's office. He wanted you to get this letter immediately."

"Thank you, Miss Dickery."

The girl teetered away a few feet then returned. "I couldn't help hearing part of your conversation," she said, her eager smile embracing both Grace and Walter. "I vote by absentee ballot in my home state, but only because Dad told me the advantages of having a vote. He said the time might come when I'd need political help in getting a job or holding one . . ." She smirked. "Really, I don't know one candidate from another. I vote the straight ticket, according to Dad's gospel."

To Grace the lilt in the girl's voice belied her political philosophy, but she was resigned, as Sue Dickery tripped away, to Walter's snicker and his remark that the girl knew



the ropes.

That afternoon at 4:45 when many of the employees were exercising their fringe benefits and already preparing to leave for the day, Grace and Walter still bent over their desks. Some time after the office had grown quiet she rose and put on her coat.

Without turning Walter spoke. "Grace, are you going out to your candidate's headquarters and make last-minute telephone calls? Maybe get a banner and join a parade? Lend your last ounce of energy for your superb candidate who'll make your part of the world better."

The lanky figure swiveled around and continued. "Let's imagine that Wissinger and his opponent stage a debate on TV this evening. An election eve match. Say they conduct themselves in a most proper

manner, urbane, genteel, with the right brand of humor. I'd bet you'd resent it. You'd feel they should be hot-blooded enemies right down to the finish line—and maybe for the rest of their lives."

At his last word Grace began, her soft voice clear and distinct in the quiet room.

"Walter, if I hear any more of this sort of thing from you I'm going to be sick! It's disgusting! What if everybody felt as you do? A person must believe in somebody, in something. You have to place your trust somewhere. And I believe Wissinger is an honest man. I believe he will keep every promise he makes, to the best of his ability." Tears welled into her eyes as she walked quickly out of the office, her heels tapping faster and faster down the long corridor.

THE following morning Grace was already at her desk with work before her when Walter ambled in.

"Mornin', Grace. What are you going to do if your Mr. Wissinger doesn't get himself elected? Judging from the dark circles under your pretty eyes I'd say his winning isn't a sure thing."

Sue raised her head.

"I think he'll win, but win or lose, he's the better man. Last year, Walter, when you had the heart attack, you had the best specialist you could get—or the one you thought was the best. A week ago you were talking with your wife over the telephone about her taking your car to a certain auto repair shop because you thought it was the best for repairs on your make of car. You won't use the same kind of reasoning about political candidates. Why? Why this fixation about political candidates?"

"Because political candidates are in politics because they're compulsive hoodwinkers." He stood polishing his eye glasses. "Say, isn't that girl coming through the door Sue Dickery, the one who was in here yesterday?"

With jaunty steps the girl approached. "Good morning, Mrs. Lloyd. And Mr. . . ."

"Abbott, Walter Patrick."

Sue's grin graduated into a merry little laugh. "My ballot's in the box back in my hometown. Dad can rest easy that I voted the straight ticket. Are you folks voting today?"

Grace looked sharply at Walter, saw the cynical grin forming around

his lips, as he slumped into his chair. With pinkness creeping up her neck she answered decisively. "I am."

Walter inspected the point of his pencil. "Miss Dickery, as to politics I desist and abstain. I keep myself antiseptically clean."

Grace, opening a drawer of her desk for a stamp pad, heard Sue's intake of breath, felt the girl's gaze on her.

As Sue murmured "Oh," and turned away, Grace braced herself for a derisive remark from Walter. But he only smirked and hunched his shoulders over work on his desk. Puzzled, she stared for moments at his back. Then the urgency of preparing a weekly report drove politics from her mind until lunch time.

Sitting at a table in the company cafeteria with two other women, Grace let them carry the conversation. In her thoughts she was back in her college days supporting ardently the ideal candidate for President of the Student Council—the tall, handsome, virile, intelligent, progressive candidate. A local news photographer had taken a picture of her leading a line of placard-bearing coeds.

Was she still a naive hero worshiper? Could it be true that Jeff Wissinger was making glowing promises that would fade as her own lovely roses faded under a burning July sun? At the thought of possible self-delusion, she felt sick.

Half of her delicious swordfish lay on her plate as she rose to hurry to her office, her thoughts now on Wissinger's headquarters, the ten-

sion and excitement building up there.

At four o'clock, after she'd made arrangements to leave the office an hour early. Grace reached for her coat and handbag. As she approached the street door she saw the rain, quiet and steady, forming puddles on the sidewalk. Recalling her foresight in always keeping spare boots behind a partition in the rear of her office, she turned back.

She found a chair and tugged on one boot, feeling relieved that Walter couldn't see her. He'd be sure to make some sarcastic remark about her "going through hell and high water for Wissinger." It was at that moment that she heard the voices of Walter and Sue Dickery. Walter was speaking:

"You know, I envy Mrs. Lloyd. I

envy her because she gets worked up over something she believes in, or somebody. Deep down I wish I could find a hero to follow. Or a cause, one that would get me stirred up. Surprised, Miss Dickery? Sounds corny, doesn't it?" He chuckled. This time it sounded strange.

Moments passed, then he continued. "I've been dead inside a long time. I hope before the old body grows cold I'll have the experience of believing wholeheartedly in somebody, even if he turns out to be a fake. As for you, Miss Dickery, you'll be wise if you try to be like Mrs. Lloyd."

Behind the partition Grace sat holding the other galosh, the toe of which glistened with two fallen tears.



"I especially liked the part where you lost your place and knocked over the water pitcher."

Living Letters

By G. Curtis Jones

IN his *London Journal* James Boswell declared that Samuel Johnson would not permit his servant, when answering the door, to say he was not at home when he was lest he should distort his sense of truth.

The manner in which one handles his correspondence speaks volumes. If one is careless in content and style, tardy, or ignores his mail altogether, he will bear watching. Although promptness, politeness, accuracy are not synonymous with character, they, nonetheless, connote discipline. Letters are living links between individuals and families. They are secret agents, recommendations in themselves. The postman is a priest of sorts, handling a wide spectrum of requests, hopes, fears, invita-

tions, confirmations.

Letters, well-conceived, grammatically correct, attractively written on good paper are few and far between.

John Donne, sixteenth century English poet-preacher, once wrote Sir Henry Wotton:

More than kisses, letters mingle souls;

For, thus friends absent speak.

The most effective missionary-theologian of the New Testament period was Paul. This well-educated, well-oriented man contributed substantially to our understanding of the early Christian movement. His correspondence with churches makes up a considerable portion of the New Testament. His letters are beautiful and powerful.

Mr. Jones is Minister of the University Christian Church, University at 25th, Des Moines, Iowa 50311

Near the end of his two-and-one-half year sojourn in Ephesus, on his third missionary journey, Paul was visited by a disgruntled delegation of Christians from Corinth. There was a crisis in their church. The courageous apostle was accused of being an egotistical braggart who delighted in recommending himself. His visitors demanded additional recommendations. Arrangements were made for one of his associates to visit Corinth.

However, the situation worsened. Paul then wrote them a letter, inked, he says, "with many tears." Listen to him as rendered by translators of the Jerusalem Bible: "Does this sound like a new attempt to commend ourselves to you? Unlike other people, we need no letters of recommendation either to you or from you, because you are yourselves our letter written in our hearts, that anybody can see and read, and it is plain that you are a letter from Christ, drawn up by us, and written not with ink but with the Spirit of the living God, not on stone tablets but on the tablets of your living hearts" (2 Corinthians 3:1-3).

Beautiful, picturesque, penetrating, disturbing language. Paul was, indeed, an artist with words.

The great missionary considered every Christian a living letter of recommendation from Christ to the community. To him the Christian was the bearer of a special delivery—God's love focused in the flesh!

Of all letters we are called upon to write, none is more difficult than the letter of recommendation.

One's integrity is at stake. He wants to help a friend secure a desired position, but he also has a responsibility to society and to the prospective employer. He must be honest. A living letter—a life, an ambassador of another—is even more difficult. One must maintain his demeanor and spirit at all times regardless of costs.

A few years ago I was privileged to assume an assignment for our general church in South America and Africa. I know how difficult it is to awaken every day to the haunting realization, "You are representing something far larger than yourself and your church... many are counting on you to be a letter of love, encouragement, hope..."

A Christian is a living letter from Christ to be read or ignored by men. Written on the tablet of the heart, the message reflects attitudes and seals forever deeds. What a frightening assignment; what an awesome responsibility! Yet this is precisely what the Christian is expected to be and to do: live discipleship.

Committed Christians are no longer thrown to lions but they know the pressures, persecutions, and harassments of an arrogant world. Anyone who takes Christ seriously today is apt to be looked upon as a museum piece, a fossil, a puritan, or a fanatic. At best, he is a "square." And yet, from the inception of Christianity, its momentum and spirit have been determined by the contagion of the converted. Individuals have made the difference.

We are the only Bible
The careless world will read;
We are the sinner's gospel,
We are the scoffer's creed,
We are the Lord's last message
Given in deed and word—
What if the line is crooked?
What if the type is blurred? ¹

NOT only are individuals living letters but the gathered community of Christians, the visible congregation must also exude integrity and contagion. The church is either the source of irritation or inspiration.

The church is God's mission to the world. It exists, as many have said, for mission as fire exists for burning. Without a sense of mission—purpose—a church ceases to be a church and deteriorates into a museum housing interesting religious relics and traditions, people who are more interested in the past than the present.

Today the front line of Christianity is the city. More than 105 million of our citizens now live in sprawling urban centers. The problems are staggering. Protestants have never been at home in the city. Great buildings dwarf diminishing churches. It is estimated that Protestants have lost one-third of their inner city members in the last ten years. We have never developed a strategy for the city other than that of moving to the

suburbs. This is tragic and this, too, is a sad letter read by men.

Suburbia has adroitly shaped the church; its ministry is measured by the criteria of business. When any culture attempts to rewrite the credentials of the church, its sense of mission is distorted. "To be God's people then," says Norman Gottwald, "is to be split, split between all the easy identities of the world and the one identity of a called people." ²

St. Augustine had a dream. In it he saw the City of Man becoming the City of God. This must be our dream and for it to come true, the church must be an irresistible letter of recommendation and confirmation from Christ.

People of God, be the church of God!

Over a hundred years ago a little known daughter of a prominent family with white skin sat in a small fellowship of believers in Brunswick, Maine. During worship she experienced afresh the love of God. This moment of truth turned her to a consideration of what was happening to fellow beings whose skin was colored.

Envisioning the death of a slave and man's injustice to man, Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. More than 300,000 copies were sold the first year it appeared, 1852. Though controversial, it decried a system that had

1. From *Masterpieces of Religious Verse*, edited by James Dalton Morrison, "Christ—And We" by Annie Johnson Flint, Harper & Row, 1948, p. 360.

2. From *The Church Unbound*, J.B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, New York, 1967, p. 62.

been permitted to develop. It was actually a letter from a Christian who discovered her mission while at worship and as a result of her con-

viction, the church saw more clearly its mission.

Churches of God, be living letters of God! ■ ■

QUANG TRI CHAPELS SILENT NO MORE

A Letter from Chaplain (LTC) John S. Snyder of 1st Infantry Brigade:

It was a surprise to read "The Silent Chapels" in THE LINK, April, 1970.

The Marines may be gone from Quang Tri, but the Army is here. Some 10,000 personnel, primarily of the 1st Infantry Brigade, 5th Infantry Division (Mech) and the 108th Artillery Group covers most of Quang Tri Province right up to DMZ.

Since the Marines left, the blood of many other Americans has soaked the hills of Quang Tri. And the chapels are not silent. Note the enclosed picture showing soldiers taking communion in the Armor Memorial Chapel.

Although most of our worship is done out at firebases, in jungle clearings, or huddled in bunkers, services continue to be held in all the old chapels.

The chapel at Dong Ha was completely reconstructed by the men of the 3rd Squadron, 5th Armored Cavalry. They did it with parts of tanks and armored personnel car-

riers, including sprockets, road wheels, gun barrels, tank tracks and a commander's hatch. On Holy Thursday 1970 the Black Knights of the 3/5 Cav dedicated it as the Guiding Knight Chapel.

We appreciate the fine chapel facilities left behind by the Marines, as well as the sacrifices they endured while they were here.

But we want them and all Americans not to forget that other brave men are still engaged in an arduous task. Moreover, the chapels of Quang Tri, far from being silent, ring regularly with the hymns and prayers of brave and dedicated men.



A Word, a Sound, and a Mood

By James E. Townsend

DUM, dum, dum, de dum . . .” Controllers at the Houston Space Center glanced at one another in surprise and began twisting knobs on their radios. Then from the barren cratered surface of the moon came that mysterious sound again: “Dum, de dum, de dum dum . . .” Astronaut “Pete” Conrad was having the time of his life walking on the moon. He was ecstatic, and when you’re out of this world with joy, the most natural response is to sing.

Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, Donovan, Frank Zappa, Simon and Garfunkel—behind these names are real human beings consumed with passion for what they believe to be just and noble causes. They have learned an important truth. When you’re engaged in all-out war for a cause, one of the most effective weapons in your arsenal is a song.

Christmas Day, 1968, I sat alone in my room at Danang Air Force Base, opening the boxes packed with tender care by my family. As

I examined the gifts scattered on my bunk, savored the familiar flavors of our traditional family Christmas goodies, and read the expressions of love scrawled on gift cards by my children, I was overwhelmed by a surge of powerful emotions. Longing, loneliness, gratitude, despair struggled within me. Then a familiar refrain brought order to the tumbling emotions: “What a friend we have in Jesus . . .” When engulfed by emotion, the heart reacts with a song.

Music that matters needs three things. First there must be a word, a message that demands expression. Then there must be a sound, the appropriate and memorable blending of rhythm and tone. Finally there must be a mood, an emotion that gives significance to the word and sound and creates a response in the listener.

The Christian faith has a word, the Word, God’s urgent final word. No more compelling word exists in all human history or experience.

Christianity arouses man's deepest emotions: love, forgiveness, compassion, understanding, joy, peace. Throughout our religious tradition men of faith have encountered the work and the mood and given to them the sound of their culture. So our faith is expressed as a song upon human life, eternity in a melody, blessings with a beat.

Scripture reverberates with sacred song. After the miraculous rescue of the children of Israel at the Red Sea, Moses and the people sang a song of praise: "I will sing to the Lord, for he has triumphed gloriously . . . The Lord is my strength and my song, and he has become my salvation" (Exodus 15:1a,2a).

The Psalms, the hymnbook of the Old Testament, were used in the divine services of the Hebrews. Their words provide magnificent expression of the many needs and moods of man. Jesus knew and loved the Psalms and was probably quoting one of these ancient hymns from the cross: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" (Psalms 22:1).

When God chose to send his son to man, he announced the glorious birth with the song of angels to shepherds in a field: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men with whom he is pleased!" (Luke 2:14).

In his gospel, Matthew gives us the account of Jesus' last supper with his disciples and the institution of the Lord's Supper. The events of the Upper Room ended with this experience: "And when they had sung a hymn, they went

out to the Mount of Olives" (Matthew 26:30).

Sacred song was a vital part of the private and public worship of the early Christians: "... be filled with the Spirit, addressing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody to the Lord with all your heart, always and for everything giving thanks in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ to God the Father" (Ephesians 5:18b-20).

When Paul and Silas found themselves thrown into prison at Phillipi, they reacted in a unique way to the shock of their situation: "But about midnight Paul and Silas were praying and singing hymns to God, and the prisoners were listening to them!" (Acts 16:25).

In Colossians Paul writes, "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, as you teach and admonish one another in all wisdom, and as you sing psalms and hymns and spiritual songs with thankfulness in your hearts to God" (Colossians 3:16).

James writes, "Is any one among you suffering? Let him pray. Is any cheerful? Let him sing praise" (James 5:13).

So from the very beginning the moods of our faith have been expressed through singing. Music provides a compelling proclamation of the gospel, a call to repentance, an expression of great joy, our instrument of thanksgiving. Through our singing we tell and retell the miracle of God's love for men and man's response to that love.

We sing in praise, "Joyful, joyful, we adore Thee, God of heaven, Lord of love . . ." Aware of the awesome majesty of God we sing in wonder, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty; early in the morning our songs shall rise to thee . . ." In repentance we cry out, "Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me . . ."

The slaves of the South, torn from families and familiar surroundings expressed the universal loneliness of man in these haunting words; "Sometimes I feel like a motherless child, a long way from home." Their tragic suffering led to this cry of despair: "Nobody knows the trouble I've seen; Nobody knows but Jesus." Man's longing for an end to earthly problems and his hunger to be with God found expression in the words, "Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home."

What makes a majestic hymn or a simple spiritual memorable? What do the two have in common? Both have a word that is universal, a sound that is memorable, and a mood that is common to us all.

Don't ever underestimate the power of a song! Great movements have been built around a word, a sound, and a mood. The Protestant Reformation took as its battle song a hymn written by Martin Luther: "A mighty fortress is our God, A bulwark never failing; Our helper He, amid the flood of mortal ills prevailing." The Wesleyan revival in England soared upward on wings of song. Charles Wesley, in fact, wrote more than 6,000 hymns, many

of which are still in hymnbooks today. Civil rights workers drew strength as they linked arms and sang together, "We shall overcome . . . we are not afraid today . . . we'll walk hand in hand someday . . . we shall live in peace someday."

The singing of hymns is more than an effective means of making worship more enjoyable and passing the time until the sermon is delivered to the waiting congregation. Luther called music the hand-maiden to theology. More religion is taught through our singing than from our pulpits. Music sets truth in memorable phrases and puts those phrases in a metered scheme that makes memorization simple. The words are then sung again and again, re-enforcing the learning. Sermons, on the other hand, are preached once to a congregation, then pass into oblivion.

If the church is to speak to this generation it must find ways to express man's historic experiences of faith in a modern and appealing manner. There is no reason to feel that organ, piano, and chimes are the only instruments fit for Christian music, or that words and tunes sanctified by age are more sacred than anything written in the language and musical idiom of today. Today's church must speak today's language as well as the language of its forefathers.

At the same time, we must learn to discriminate between good and bad words and sounds, valid and non-valid moods. Not every song that mentions God is necessarily a Christian song. In fact, many are

primitive and pagan. We must not sanctify by use in worship those songs which teach spiritual untruths. There is a difference between pious sentiment and divine truths. Sometimes we let the beat of a song or the emotion it evokes draw our attention away from its word, and it is the word that teach-

es the world what we believe. So we must never lose the word.

Are you full of joy? Sing! Do you have a truth to teach or a cause to forward? Sing! Are you full of emotions that cry for release? Sing! For every truth, every emotion, every need there is a song; a word, a sound, and a mood. ■ ■

EXCHANGE OF CHAPLAIN SECRETARIES

During Secretaries Week (20-24 Apr 1970), Chaplain (COL) Simon H. Scott, Jr., Acting Command Chaplain of Hq. Command, USAF, originated a fine morale building project and decided that he and Chaplain (LTC) Donald M. Squires would take the secretaries out for lunch and exchange secretaries for the afternoon of 20 Apr. Mrs. Barbara Metten, secretary for the Command Chaplain's office went to the Base Chaplain's office to work for the afternoon. Mrs. Jeanne Howard worked at the Chaplain's Office at the Arlington National Cemetery; and Mrs. Augusta Carey was secretary in the Command Chaplain's office.

This gave the secretaries a chance to do the job of their counterparts. Each secretary was treated like a queen during her stay and presented gifts; and posters were made and presented to them by the chaplain staff.



Picture shows (L to R): SMSgt Lehman F. Chesire; Mrs. Gussie Carey; and Chaplain (COL) Simon H. Scott.

THEOLOGY

God, I am tired
of playing
hide-n-go seek ...
please find me.

—Pollyanna Sedziol

KING OF YOURSELF

By Raymond M. Veh

ALL through history, when a king died, his eldest son became king. But what would happen should the eldest sons be twins? A nation can't have two kings at the same time.

Legend tells of the king who was faced with this problem. When the twins became of age, he sent for them. "You are men now," he said, "and should no longer need the guidance of others. Henceforth you must map your own course. Choose your career carefully, for you cannot turn the clock back and start over again if your choice is wrong. Nor can you afford to choose wrongly, for a king's word is law, and he must learn to make the correct decision the first time. A king who makes mistakes is a bad king. Choose carefully and wisely, for when the times comes, the people themselves will choose for their king

that one of you who proves himself best fitted to wear the crown."

The one son, Gilberto said to himself: "I shall become as famous as I can, for the more people hear about me, the more my name will be on everybody's lips. So when the time comes to choose a king, I will be that man." So Gilberto became a great soldier and huntsman, and soon the news of his brave deeds was being told throughout the land, till even the little children knew how brave a prince was their Prince Gilberto.

The other twin said to himself: "There are many things I want to do before I embark on my career; more things than I can ever do by myself. It would take a lifetime to learn how to do even a few of them, so, if I am ever to have a career of my own, I'd better enlist the help of others to get these jobs done."

Dr. Veh is a retired editor for the Evangelical United Brethren Church, who now lives at 530 Park Crest Drive, Thiensville, Wis. 53092

So Allandro sought out the wisest men in the kingdom and said to them: "I want you to help me. We should have some way of caring for those who are sick or hurt and cannot care for themselves." (There were no hospitals in those days.)

And he said: "It is not good to see crops going to waste in one part of the kingdom, and famine and starvation in another. There are places where there is water to waste in winter and not enough in summer. People are poor because they have no work to do, yet there is work waiting to be done, but no men trained to do it. There are people who want education and cannot get it." Allandro was soon here, there, and everywhere, helping, superintending, often working with his hands to keep the good works going.

And then, one day, the king was thrown from his horse, and died.

Prince Gilberto hurried back from a hunting trip on which he had already slain five tigers that had harried mountain villages. Prince Allandro hurried back from the great dam he was building. And then the voting began, to decide who should be king.

When the votes were counted and the twin princes went out onto the balcony of the royal palace it was not Gilberto's name the people shouted, but Allandro's.

"Gilberto is brave and strong," they cried, "but Allandro is wise and good. He has built us hospitals for our sick and hurt. He has made it possible for us to set our idle men to work, and feed our starving, and

bring water to the lands where there was drought, and have schools where we may gain knowledge. He has given us work in place of idleness, and plenty in place of poverty, and happiness in place of worry. Hail, King Allandro!"

The kings of earth have been disappearing during the last two decades, and even those who are still ruling do not possess the power of former years. Apparently the day of the king has passed.

ON the other hand, we venture to say that there are more kings today than ever. Even in the United States, with all our boasted freedom, we are subjects of many kings. The majority of these kings rule with mighty power and we have the strange situation in that some people make themselves subjects of several of these kings, instead of confining their loyalty to only one. Let us look for a moment to see who some of these kings are.

The *speed king* is perhaps as powerful today as any other ruler. With real alarm we view the casualties resulting from driving automobiles too fast. Airplanes are flown at faster speeds. We try to do whatever task we have in the shortest possible time.

The *king of things* is another ruler before whom we bow. No longer do we measure a man by his character, but we place our value on him by examining the clothes he wears, the house in which he lives, the automobile which he drives, the size of his bank account.

King amusement is still another

sovereign, particularly in America. Millions make themselves subject to this king by their desire to be entertained. Large sums of money, much of it needed for other purposes, are offered to this avaricious monster who entertains for a while but who does not satisfy.

One may be a slave to his vice, to his temper, to follies of every description, but his slavery is self-imposed. He is servile because he chooses to be.

Each one is master of himself, no matter how far he falls below his possibilities.

We dare not shift our responsibility, to make circumstances responsible for what we are and do. We may descend from our throne and throw our crown into the mud, but at our worst we are king, and may assume our kingly dignities at our pleasure.

Over a century and three-quarters ago France's dauphin, Louis XVII, was thrown into prison and subjected to horrible treatment. His keepers tried to debase him and terrorize him until his brain would snap, which it eventually did.

For many months he bore up admirably. On one occasion, when ordered to curse his mother, he cried out, "I cannot do it, for I was born to be a king."

Born to be a king! What a battle cry for any field of human conflict! Every man is born to be a king, for "now are we the sons of God." Not every man appreciates his heritage. Many hopeless derelicts are adrift upon the social scum, having sac-

rificed their birthright for a mess of pottage.

Louis XVII never became king. Victor Hugo said of him: "Thy brow was never bruised with a crown." Historians are convinced that he did not die in prison but that the body of another child was substituted for him. Indeed, they believed that the dauphin was brought to America and spent his life here in the person of the Rev. Eleaser Williams.

In the year 1853, *Putnam's Monthly* magazine carried an article entitled, "Have We a Bourbon Among Us?" in which the Rev. Mr. Williams, who had been adopted by the Indians with whom he was left as a deranged lad, tells the story of a visit from Prince de Joinville in 1841, during which his representative of the then ruling French monarch endeavored to obtain his signature to papers announcing his abdication of the throne of France. Latimer's *Scrapbook of the French Revolution* relates the whole thrilling story.

Granting the truth of this thesis for the moment, in his service to the benighted Indian of the northwest through long years of hardships and loneliness, Williams was every inch a king.

Sacrificial service is the essence of royalty. Your coronation does not matter. Uncrowned kings are the real rulers of the world. Take care only that your kingship finds its fulfillment in a life well lived.

Nineteen hundred years ago Jesus rode into Jerusalem and the people hailed him as king. He ac-

knowledgeed their acclaim without dispute, even though he knew that some did not realize all that was involved.

A few days later Jesus said to his disciples, "Ye call me, Teacher, and Lord: and ye say well; for so I am." He meant, "You call me the one

who speaks with authority and who has the supreme right to rule over your life."

Being a loyal subject submissive to a king is something to be proud of, provided we have chosen the only one who has a right to be King.



So Your Husband's in the Service!

By Theodore Springer

YOU have heard it said, "The Air Force is what you make it." This is true not only of the Air Force but every other branch of service, and it applies not only to the man in uniform but to his wife as well.

The four or more years that your husband spends in the military may be the most rewarding years of your life or the most miserable. They are what you decide to make them. You, as a serviceman's wife, can do a lot toward making these years a time for growth for both of you.

Unlike most situations in the civilian community, the Air Force is truly a close-knit environment. The recruiter tells most prospective servicemen that the Air Force takes care of its own. To the new troop this sounds pretty unreal and false. But it sounds this way only because he refuses to recognize and acknowledge the obvious.

The Air Force offers many important services to its members, some not as obvious as the commissary or the BX but frequently far more important. The Air Force Aid Society is just one example. When your husband is gone on an isolated tour, this organization is prepared to help you financially, when an unexpected emergency strikes your family. You never have to feel helpless because of a tight budget. You as a wife alone with a family to care for never have to feel more than a phone call away from someone who cares and who can help.

But perhaps the most important key to a happy life while in the

Air Force is what you and your husband do together to achieve it. Always remember, "United we stand, divided we fall." There is a great deal of truth in that. I have listed a few basic things that would be helpful for you to make this period in uniform a time of growth and enrichment as a couple.

First, become acquainted with the Base Chapel and its program. There are many activities at the Chapel for every member of the family and many ways to be of service to others. This is called giving of yourself.

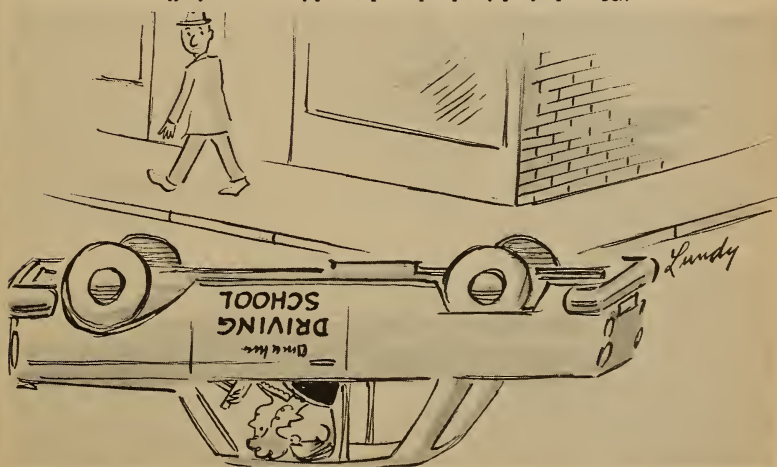
Secondly, choose your friends carefully and together. Always remember to reserve your confidences and private thoughts for your husband or chaplain. Few husbands appreciate their lives being discussed over the backyard fence. This is called respect.

Thirdly, sit down with your husband and plan a budget. Severe financial problems discourage even the most mature couples. This is called good planning.

Fourthly, plan your family. Have your children when you are best able to afford them and have the time to care for them. This is fair not only to yourself, but also to your children. Remember that a child is a person and not a toy. He or she needs a full-time mother and a full-time father.

Above all, work together, laugh together, plan together, share your problems together; communicate. ■ ■

"Now, let's drive back and try this turn again."



Lift Up Your Heart

After seeing a few modern art shows, I got the impression that some artists just don't know where to draw the line.—Ben Berger in *Quote*.

I don't know where the money goes these days. It takes twice as much to live beyond my means as it used to.—*The Christian*.

The American Way: Working ourselves to death while we are young, so that we can enjoy life when we are too old to enjoy it.—*Knoxville Journal*.

Man once subscribed to the theory of male superiority, then woman canceled his subscription.—Thomas LaMance in *The Christian*.

It's not the minutes you take at the table that makes you overweight—it's the seconds.—*Gospel Herald*.

Think all you speak, but speak not all you think. Thoughts are your own; your words are so no more.—Patrick Delany.

Laziness is the cause of three-fourths of the failures today.—*Megiddo Message*.

Most of us would get along well if we used the advice we give others.—*Banking*.

Children say the funniest things. And usually in front of the wrongest people.—*Changing Times*.

Read the Bible, not as a newspaper but as a home letter.—F.B. Meyer in *Wesleyan Methodist*.

A duty is a job you try to avoid, perform poorly, and brag about forever.—*Banking*.

The Sound of Glad Tidings

You Stand Tall. Songs by Willa Dorsey. Word Records. Box 1790, Waco, Tex. 76703.

Willa Dorsey sings with a variety of sounds; sometimes light and feathery, at other times with an enormous quality. Her singing touches the heart. In this album of 12 songs some of the best are: "Calvary," "You Stand Tall," "Reach Out to Jesus," "In Just a Little While," "My God Is Real," "Truly, I've Been Delivered," and "If You Want Joy."

Men of Music. Word Records. Box 1790, Waco, Tex. 76703.

The "Men of Music" are associated with the Radio Bible Class, founded in 1938 by Dr. M. R. DeHaan and continued today through the ministry of his eldest son, Richard W. DeHaan. The talented voices of Clair Hess and Ray Felten are among the singers. In the 15 hymns on the two sides you get a lot of heavenly music; e.g. "Glory to His Name," "My Home, Sweet Home," and "Have Thine Own Way."

It Is No Secret. Word Records. Box 1790, Waco, Tex. 76703.

These 11 songs feature J. T. Adams and the Men of Texas. Adams' clear voice (absolutely no muffling) sounds forth magnificently on every song. Favorites of ours are: "The Last Trump," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," and "It Is No Secret."

The Melody Four on the Move. Word Records. Box 1790, Waco, Tex. 76703.

A quartet that blends uncommon music. Standing out is that top tenor of Clair Hess. Other singers are: Glen Jorian, 2nd tenor; Ray Felten, baritone; and Bill Pearce, bass. This group has been singing together a number of years. They are fine singers with no tricks. The plea of Christ for your heart comes through appealingly in such songs as "The Savior Is Waiting," and "Rejoice, the Lord Is King." There are 12 songs in all on the two sides of the album.

An Evening Prayer by Lew Charles. Word Records. Box 1790, Waco, Tex. 76703.

The organist for the United Community Church, Glendale, Calif. plays on the Robert Morton Pipe Organ. Charles is an outstanding organist. These 12 songs make a musical fabric of guidance and inspiration, beginning with "The Lord Is My Light," continuing through "Blessed Hour of Prayer," and "When I See My Savior," "It Is Well with My Soul," and others, ending with "Were You There?"

Today's Mann. Word Records. Box 1790, Waco, Tex. 76703.

"I'm Gonna Go Back," a fast-moving solo piece may sweep you off your feet; but after this beginning piece wait to hear "A Living Circle," "Softly and Tenderly," "Somebody's Calling My Name" and "Pass It On." You'll be delighted.



HOLY GOMPERS

Alone with his thoughts, a sailor aboard the destroyer USS *Samuel Gompers* (AD-37) is unaware of the religious effect provided by a cross-shaped block rig suspended high above him. The *Gompers* at the time was in port at Subic Bay, Philippines, where she tended to the needs of U. S. Seventh Fleet.

Brief News Items



DA NANG—The men of the 40th Ordnance Co., 528th Quartermaster Bn, now have a chapel of their own, thanks to Sgt. 1st Class Willie Luster.

The chapel was built by Luster during his spare time. It measures only 15 x 7 feet. Of simple construction, it is furnished with a small table and two chairs and an altar that holds a Bible and 2 candleabra.

Chaplain (LTC) Richard E. Hager, Da Nang Support Chaplain, is greatly pleased with the chapel.

Chaplain (CPT) Eugene W. Scott visits with children in Vietnam and gives them candy. Chaplain Scott's unit is 1 Bn, 20th Inf, 11th Inf. Bde.





FORT GORDON, GA.—MG John C. F. Tillson III, Ft. Gordon's commanding general, receives an assist from Rabbi Norman R. Goldburg and Spec/4 Henry Honig in cutting the ribbon officially opening the Chapel 7 activity center. The renovated building will be used primarily for Jewish activities.



Don Muang Airport, Bangkok, Thailand. Ch, BG, Roy Terry visits here on 9 Apr 1970. Shown in picture are (l to r): Chaplains Bernard P. Foley; Henry J. Mead; Robert T. Deming; Roy M. Terry; and Robert M. Moore.

Mrs. Harvey Cannon, one of the Thursday morning volunteers at the United Presbyterian Church, Hyattsville, Md., displays a cut-garment dress, designed for Africa and Latin America, which has just been completed for Church World Service. Contact your nearest CWS Clothing Center to see what you can make for other countries.



The Link Calendar

- Sept. 1-30** American Youth Month. Nationwide promotion to check the appalling trend in juvenile delinquency.
- Sept. 1-30** International Congress on the history of religions. Stockholm, Sweden.
- Sept. 1-30** National Bowling Month. To maintain and increase public interest in bowling.
- Sept. 5-7** Re-enactment of the Massacre at Fort Michilmackinac. Commemoration of the massacre there in 1763; an exact replica is operated by the state of Michigan.
- Sept. 6** 16th Sunday after Pentecost.
- Sept. 6-13.** Vienna Autumn Fair, Vienna, Austria. (The month of fairs.)
- Sept. 7.** Labor Day...Mackinac Bridge Walk: St. Ignace to Mackinaw City. The only time it is permissible to walk across the Mackinac Bridge.
- Sept. 8-12.** Miss America Beauty Pageant. Atlantic City, N. J.
- Sept. 11-16** Mid America Fair. Topeka, Kansas.
- Sept. 13** 17th Sunday after Pentecost...Also Grand-dad's Day. To honor grand-dad.
- Sept. 13-20** National Home Week. Focus on designing better houses and apartments.
- Sept. 14-18** Boy Scouts of America Fall Roundup. To make scouting available to more boys.
- Sept. 15-20** Four-states Fair & Rodeo. Texarkana, Tex.
- Sept. 15** William Howard Taft's birthday. 27th President of the U.S. Born this day in 1857.
- Sept. 17-30** Citizenship Day. American Youth Enrollment. First Day, 17, commemoration of signing of Constitution, Sept. 17, 1787.
- Sept. 17-23** Constitution Week. Study and observance of acts resulting in the formation of the Constitution.
- Sept. 17-27** Helsinki Trade Fair, Helsinki, Finland.
- Sept. 20** 18th Sunday after Pentecost.
- Sept. 20** Press Sunday. Emphasis on Press Freedom...Also World Peace Day.
- Sept. 23-26** U. S. Golf Association World Amateur Tournament. Madrid, Spain.
- Sept. 25** American Indian Day.
- Sept. 26** Kiwanis Kids' Day. To honor youth, our greatest resource.
- Sept. 27** Gold Star Mother's Day.

Discussion Helps

THROUGHOUT this issue of THE LINK, you will find four articles prepared not only for individual reading but also for group discussion and for lay leaders' helps.

1. APOCRYPHA: What's That? (page 16)

Biblical Material: Matthew 11:28-30 (Cf. Ecclesiasticus 51:23 ff.)

What is the Apocrypha? Why were these books not included in the Hebrew Bible? What was Luther's idea about the apocryphal books? Of what use are the apocryphal books?

2. Love's Behavior (page 32)

Biblical Material: 1 Corinthians 13

If someone said; "1 Corinthians 13 is the greatest chapter in the Bible" would you agree or disagree? Why? What is love? What are the qualities of love? What about a life without love? Why is it that love never fails?

3. Living Letters (page 44)

Biblical Material: 2 Corinthians 3:1-3

Why are letters so important? What do letters reveal? Why may we call Christians "living letters"? Why do we say: "You are the only Bible the careless world will read"? What strategy do we need as Christians to win the city to Christ?

4. King of Yourself (page 52)

Biblical Material: John 18:36; Revelation 10:11

What is the status of kings in our modern world? What do we mean when we say: In the U.S. we are subject of many kings? What is the essence of royalty? How does Jesus Christ become king of our lives? How does one get into the kingdom of God? What is the future of the kingdom of God?

Books Are Friendly Things

The Mad Morality by Vernard Eller. Abingdon Press, Nashville, Tenn. 37202. 1970. \$2.79.

Using the comic strip format of *Mad* magazine, plus his own satirical commentary, Vernard Eller has shown how really up-to-date the Ten Commandments are. "*Playboy's* concept of freedom is to discard the Ten Commandments . . . while *Mad* makes fun of them . . ." On the other hand, "*Mad* sees with the Ten Commandments that there are many vaunted freedoms which in fact lead to slavery . . ."

Drawings and comments in this excellent paperback show that "boundaries are essential to freedom." "Within these fences lies the freedom to live as men! With God's help, set your fences, and be free!"

What's In It for Me? by Larry Richards. Moody Press, 820 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. 60610. 1970. \$1.95.

A paperback by a youth writer who knows teen-agers well. He asks and answers some of the profound questions youth are asking: "What's my life all about?" "Why do I act and react the way I do?" "What about ethics—how can I know the 'loving' or right thing to do?" "Here is a book that will help you discover what you are, what you do, and why you do it . . . how you can live your own life without making a mess of it."

Marriage: An Interfaith Guide for All Couples. Edited by Rev. Raban Hathorn, O. S. B., Rev William Genné, and Rabbi Mordecai Brill. Association Press, 291 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10007. 1970. \$5.95.

This book seeks to help couples realize the fullness of marriage as an ongoing vocation, covenant and sacrament.

Ponder This by Leonard Andrews. Grosset & Dunlap, 51 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10010. 1969. \$2.95.

From the widely read inspirational column appearing in the *New York Daily News*. Samples:

Have you examined/your attitude/about your situation? Your situation/ is often caused/by your attitude.

Does it concern you/to think about/what you could have been? It is more important/to know what you can be.

Beautifully bound. Indexed.

Sound Off!

(Continued from page 4)

Fine Articles

I keep seeing fine articles in THE LINK... Many people speak to me appreciatively about it; and I can only confirm their opinion. May God continue to bless your ministry.

—Berge A. Hoogasian, Chaplain, Major, USAF, Hq. 144 Air Base Wing (MAC), Scott Air Force Base, Ill. 62225.

Terrific!

I have read the three sample copies you sent me. It is a terrific magazine.

—Mrs. Fannie Osterhoff, Box 113, Danforth, Ill.

More About Malcolm Thompson Letter

Chet Huntley and David Brinkley are doves. They do not believe in the war in Vietnam. And the moratorium demonstrators do not believe in the war in Vietnam. If the war demonstrators had obtained their way, the war in Vietnam would have ended long before Mr. Malcolm Thompson's son was killed.

I see much lost and nothing gained in this struggle. I am not a hypocrite. Over 10 years ago I won a second prize in LINK's "Why I Am a Christian" contest.

The scratch card by Chaplain Lambrides is a beautiful work of art.

—Rhea Thompson, 3585 Golden Ave., San Bernardino, Calif. 92404.

Face of Christ

In the March issue of THE LINK, on page 14, there was a black and white drawing of the face of Christ. It was very faint, but as I make it out the drawing was by Chaplain Lambrides. No first name was given. My hobby is collecting different faces of Christ.

—F. G. Kuebler, 1221 Wabash Ave., Rochester, Ind. 46975.

(I am sorry to report that Chaplain Lambrides is deceased. Thank you for your letter. We are proud that Chaplain Lambrides left behind this beautiful work of art.)—L.P.F.)

Enjoy the Magazine

Enclosed is a \$3.00 money order. Please send a year's subscription to (name and address given). Enjoy your magazine very much.

—Sgt. John Obermeier, Automated Services Center, MCB Camp S. D. Butler, USMC, FPO Seattle, Washington 98773.

At Ease!



"Please come home, John...Think of the children!..."

"To what family does the whale belong?" asked the teacher.

"I don't know. No family in our block has one," answered Johnny.

Betty: Sometimes my father takes things apart to find out why they don't go.

Tom: So?

Betty: So you'd better go.—*Youth in Action.*

A sign in front of a shoe repair shop pictured several styles of rubber heels and a beautiful girl who was saying: "I'm in love with America's Number 1 heel."

Underneath in small feminine handwriting, someone had added: "Too bad, sister! I married him."—*Wit and Humor.*

On a cold morning in January a snail started to climb up the trunk of a cherry tree. As he inched his way painfully upwards, a beetle stuck his head out of a nearby crack and jeered, "Hey, buddy, you're wasting your time. There ain't any cherries up there."

The snail barely paused as he replied, "There will be when I get there."—*PostScript* (contributed by Eva Kraus).

The wife was gravely, desperately ill, and both knew it.

Wife: "John, I am going to make one last request. Will you do it?"

Husband: "Yes, Mary, I will do whatever you ask."

Wife: "Let my mother ride in the car with you in the burial procession."

Husband: "All right, dear, I'll do it, but it'll spoil the whole day for me."—John R. Cooper.

The youngster confronted his mother with the question, "Didn't you tell me that the stork brought me?"

"Why, yes, dear."

"And I weighed eight pounds?"

"U-uh, yes."

"Well, for your information," said the lad, "the stork hasn't the wingspread to carry an eight-pound load."—*Tennessee Motorist.*





